



THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD  
*Ballad*

COMPOSED AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

MISS MARY D. C. LUDLOW



AUGUST WALDAUER.

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## THE HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.

*p*

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time. It features a treble staff with a single whole rest and a grand staff (treble and bass) with a melodic line in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'ANDANTE CON ESPRESSIONE.' and the dynamics include a piano (*p*) marking.

The second system continues the musical composition. It maintains the 3/4 time signature and the grand staff format. The melody in the right hand of the grand staff continues with various note values and rests, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment.

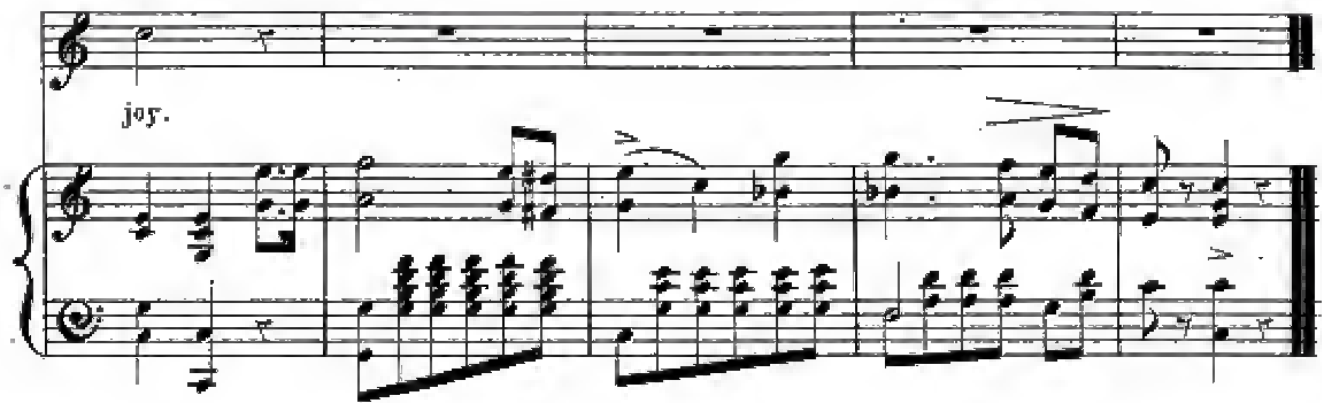
The third system includes the vocal melody. The treble staff contains the lyrics: "The hap - - - py days of childhood, Oh! could they come a -". The grand staff below provides the piano accompaniment. The system begins with a double bar line. Dynamics include piano (*p*) and accents (*^*) are used for emphasis.

gain, When round the garden walks we played, A ro - - sy, glad some

train; When oft our sires with smiling looks, For-sook their grave em- *Cres.*

- ploy, To gaze upon our infant sports, And mingle in our

joy, To gaze up-on our infant sports, And mingle in our



2.— The simple prayer of childhood,  
 How reverently it rose,  
 As by our mother's lap we knelt,  
 Before we sought repose;  
 When with her hand upon our head,  
 We raised our hearts to heaven,  
 To seek our God and Saviour there,  
 And have our sins forgiven.

3.— The pleasant home of childhood,  
 Alas! no longer ours,—  
 New feet trip o'er its gravelled paths,  
 New fingers crop its flowers;  
 We envy not their gaiety,  
 Which once was all our own,  
 But only wish their youthful glee  
 May have as blithe a tone.

4.— Dear, lovely scenes of childhood,  
 How oft at close of day  
 You flit before my mental eye,  
 In fancy's bright array;  
 And you gently glide along  
 With mingled joy and pain—  
 I say adieu, sweet happy days,  
 You cannot come again.